

Love Should Feel Good

Real love is identifiable by the way it makes us feel.



Often in our lives, we fall prey to the idea of something rather than actually experiencing the thing itself. We see this at play in our love lives and in the love lives of our friends, our family, and even fictional characters. The conceptualizing, depiction, and pursuit of true love are multimillion-dollar industries in the modern world. However, very little of what is offered leads us to an authentic experience of love.

When we feel anxious, excited, nervous, and thrilled, we are probably experiencing romance, not love. Romance can be a lot of fun as long as we do not try to make too much of it. Romance may lead to love, but it may also fade without blossoming into anything more than a flirtation. If we cling to it and try to make it more than it is, we might find ourselves pining for a fantasy, or worse, stuck in a relationship that was never meant to last.

Real love is identifiable by the way it makes us feel. Love should feel good. There is a peaceful quality to an authentic experience of love that penetrates to our core, touching a part of ourselves that has always been there.

True love activates this inner being, filling us with warmth and light. An authentic experience of love does not ask us to look a certain way, drive a certain car, or have a certain job. It takes us as we are, no changes required. When people truly love us, their love for us awakens our love for ourselves. They remind us that what we seek outside of ourselves is a mirror image of the lover within.

In this way, true love never makes us feel needy or lacking or anxious. Instead, true love empowers us with its implicit message that we are, always have been, and always will be made of love.

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Rest in Peace Scotty Migone



SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN TRICK

Dip chicken in buttermilk, then coat in flour mixed with cornstarch — it's how diners made that shattery crisp crust.

Ingredients:
1 lb chicken pieces
2 cups buttermilk
1 ½ cups flour
½ cup cornstarch
1 tsp paprika
½ tsp salt
½ tsp black pepper
Oil for frying

Flow Interrupted — A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

It has been more than a challenge trying to adapt to our new situation. This hasn't been one of those look back in a few years and it will be funny moments. No, this has been a painful transition not a beautiful metamorphosis into something greater than our previous existence.

Worse for me, I need space or at least some quiet time to collect my thoughts enough to write, rehearse and masturbate when necessary to clear my mind (it doesn't take long and the mess is minimal these days).

I used to whine about the old neighborhood because it seemed like someone was always having a noisy project going on like replacing a concrete dock or pounding in supports for a boat lift- a lot of new in-ground pools and what not.

I thought there was a lot of traffic for a small neighborhood because half the owners live elsewhere and had maintenance crews in and out constantly. That still gave me time to walk the dog and record my thoughts on my Dick Tracy watch (voice memo on an Apple watch for all the youngins). Minimal interruptions to my train of thought as I traversed the 'hood being the point.

We went from living on a quiet canal in the Stillwright Point 'hood to one of the bustling neighborhoods in the Tradewinds Plaza area. A constant buzz of activity and not 5 minutes goes by on a walk without some form of thought train wrecking interruptions messing my feeble mind.

There are children of all ages buzzing up and down the road on off-road two, three and four wheelers, chickens and plenty of feral cats carrying on. There are far more people coming and going and **none** of these neighborhoods have sidewalks. Even the plaza doesn't have a very pedestrian friendly layout.

Add to that the wife's shortened summer work week and now I have very little creative space in my world. A 32' travel trailer is not optimal for privacy or peace and quiet.

More so frustrating is finding a moment but not finding the flow. I have dozens of half assed, incomplete thoughts saved in the draft bin or voice recordings.

The chore load for travel trailer life is much more intensive - not as hard as living on the hook - I'm not nautical at all, I don't even eat seafood very often.

The hardest part though is trying to help someone

else adapt to the changes. Whereas with our previous landlords, we saw them for a total of 3 months in 12 years. We had a giant shade tree that kept the canal side of the house 15° cooler than the front side of the house. The entire process of downsizing has been more challenging than expected.

We are actually extremely lucky to have the amount of space that we have at our new digs. We still need to adapt a little better, so we don't have to park our cars on the street, but we'll see how that goes.

The giant, 20' x 20' garage thing I put up to give us a dry space to organize our crap has already started to rip and tear. It was cheap so it didn't have any UV protection built into it. That's OK, it was only supposed to be temporary.

Right now, it has our RV pinned in and we couldn't hook up if we had to.

In an effort to fight the heat, we have accumulated more stuff in our outside, 13' x 13' gazebo with mosquito net and curtain which acts as our living room/outside storage for our auxiliary freezer and plug-in car cooler. We also bought a little ice maker which really kicks ass.

This summer seems even hotter than last year and keeping the wife cool during a hot flash has brought me closer to the beast than I'm comfortable with. Don't crowd a woman who is having a hot flash. Not sure why a creator would design such a feature into a man's help-mate, but it isn't pleasant for anyone involved. Not claiming I'm a prince at this aging thing either...

We had an above ground pool at the old place. Along with the big shade tree and 10' x 12' gazebo, we had a comfortable place to hang during the summer.

Blah, blah, blah anyway, that's just some of the distractions pulling my attention away from what I would rather be doing... masturbating!

Peace and Love!

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.

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Photo courtesy of Ian MFin' Craig.

